



BLACK RIDER

JULY
NO. 23

THE WILD WEST LIVES AGAIN!

BLACK

10¢

RIDER

NOTHING THAT
LIVES CAN STOP
THE
BLACK
RIDER!



\$100,000 NEW WATCHES HAVE ARRIVED FROM SWITZERLAND!

IMPORTER'S CUT PRICE DIRECT TO YOU!

**Pay LESS than SWISS retail price!
WRITTEN GUARANTEE WITH EACH WATCH!**

**4. MODELS
your choice:**

5.44
**PLUS
TAX**

SHOCK RESISTOR **Drop it . . . Bang it!**

The Staff Shock Absorber built into this remarkable watch is one of the greatest inventions since the creation of timepieces. Saves time, worry, expense. Ideal for active men, school boys. No need to remove from wrist when playing baseball, football, bowling! Drop it! Bang it! Actually defies breakage. Yours on 5 day trial—your money back if you **BREAK** it! Has Nitro-Glo auroral, sweep-second hand, unbreakable crystal. Number 260. Tax paid price—**5.98**
a real bargain.

DAINTY SPORTEX **For Active Women!**

Ideal watch for active women, typists, nurses, housewives, or just school girls. Sturdy, accurate & feminine looking. Sweep-second hand, luminous numbers & hands for easy night reading. Eye appealing color of sterling silver. Dainty yet durable nylon cord with metal loops. You'll wear this watch with pride year after year. Looks and actually works like much more expensive timepieces. Come see it if in town! You'll fall in love with it. Mail orders filled promptly. Order by No. 218. Tax included price only.....**5.98**

ARISTO **Newest 1954 Style!**

Latest word for smart styling for men. Smart imitation rubies & diamonds around dial. Accurate, dependable movement. White & GOLD color effect case & matching band. Makes a terrific impression everywhere . . . looks like a \$100.00 timepiece & it's accurate too! Compare with watches selling for much more — see if you can tell the difference! Don't let our low price confuse you. It has real quality! Order by No. 203. Price, including federal tax, only.....**5.98**

"MAGIC BRAIN" **Sports Watch**

Amazing, uncanny watch with "mechanical brain" answers questions on distance & speed of fast cars, planes, horses. Measures distance and times sports, photos, lightning, pulse beats, etc. Handsome! Precision made! Wins admiration everywhere. Has features not found in more expensive watches. 2 **PUSH BUTTONS** start & stop movement; telemeter & tachymeter dials; split-second calibrations. Numbers & hands glow at night; unbreakable crystal; centre sweep second. Instructions and metal-flex band included. No. 236. Tax included price only.....**5.98**



TAKE YOUR PICK—TRY AT OUR RISK!

Unlimited Guarantee
EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS

Repairs on watches, if ever needed, absolutely **FREE**. Never a charge for labor, handling, adjusting, etc. for the **LIFETIME** of this firm! You can rely on **THORESEN**—because we make lifetime friends!

Any watch sent on 5-DAY FREE TRIAL—you must be satisfied or your money back without questions asked!

**NOW — LESS THAN SWISS
RETAIL PRICE! DIRECT FROM
IMPORTER TO YOU!**

None sold to dealers! No agent! No jobbers! You actually pay **LESS** than if you went to Switzerland itself for these quality watches! Written **GUARANTEE** CERTIFICATE as shown at left given with every watch. Also included a fine stretch band and gift box! You have everything to gain—nothing to lose! Send **COUPON** today!

U.S. Diamond House
Dept. 99-G-200
352 Fourth Ave.
New York 10, N.Y.

MAIL AT ONCE!

U.S. Diamond House, Dept. 99-G-200
352 Fourth Ave. (Near 25th) New York 10, N.Y.

RUSH watch(es) checked below on 5 day trial, with money back GUARANTEE if I am not fully satisfied.

- ☐ Payment enclosed. Send prepaid. ☐ Send COB plus postage.
- ☐ No. 260—Shock Resistor ☐ No. 203—Aristo
- ☐ No. 218—Ladies' Sportex ☐ No. 236—"Magic Brain"

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

BLACK RIDER

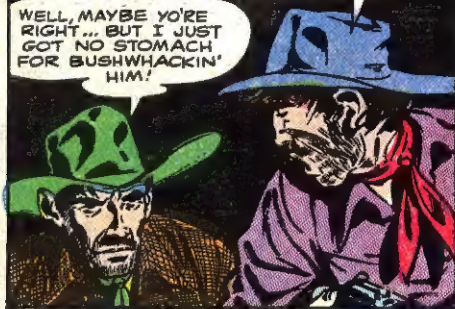
MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!

HE'S WALKIN' RIGHT INTO IT AFTER CHASIN' US OVER TWO HUNNERT MILES! GET READY TO LET 'IM HAVE IT!



LET HIM GO AFTER HE KILLED BASCOMB, GRIDLEY, AN' SLOCUM? AIN'T HE HOUNDED US TILL WE FEEL LIKE A PACK OF CORNERED RATS? WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, ORMOND?

WELL, MAYBE YO'RE RIGHT... BUT I JUST GOT NO STOMACH FOR BUSHWHACKIN' HIM!

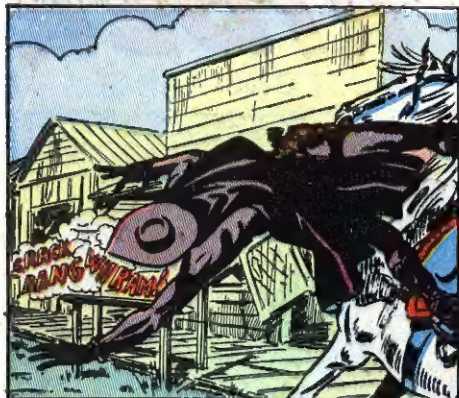


MEANWHILE, HIS EARS TUNED TO THE DEATHLY QUIET OF A TOWN WHICH REEKED OF AMBUSH, THE BLACK RIDER LOPED IN...

I KNOW THEY'RE HERE... AND I KNOW THEY'RE WATCHING ME! BUT I'VE GOT TO PLAY IT THRU AND TRUST MY JUDGMENT!



SUDDENLY, THE SILENCE WAS SHATTERED BY A FUSILADE OF CONCENTRATED FIRE...



BUT SUDDENLY, LIKE A BLACK SNAKE UNCURLING, THE BLACK RIDER WHIRLED WITH SPITTING GUNS...



IT WAS EASY, HUH? WE SHOULD'VE DONE IT BACK IN FORT SLACK INSTEAD OF WAITIN' THIS LONG!

WE BETTER SPREAD OUT AN' KEEP HIM COVERED, MARSON! DEAD OR ALIVE, THAT HOMBRE MAKES ME NERVOUS!



THREE DOWN AND ONE TO GO!



FREEZE, ORMOND! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU BEFORE I LOAD YOU DOWN WITH LEAD!

NO MATTER WHAT YOU THINK, I HAD NO HAND IN THAT AMBUSH! I AIN'T LILY WHITE, BUT BUSHWACKIN' AIN'T MY LINE!

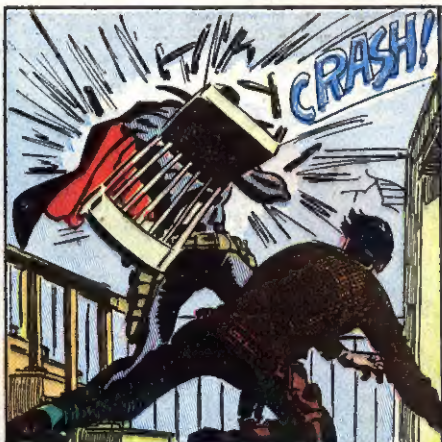
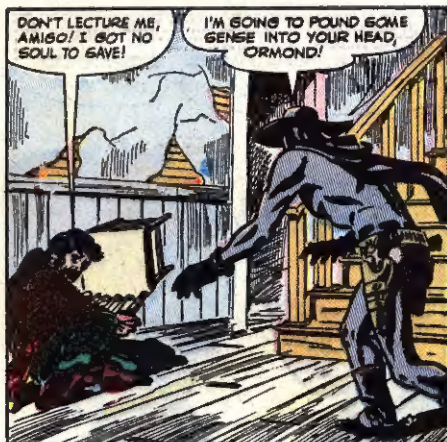


MAYBE YOU FIGURE ON SIEVING ME, BUT I AIN'T DYIN' WITHOUT A FIGHT!

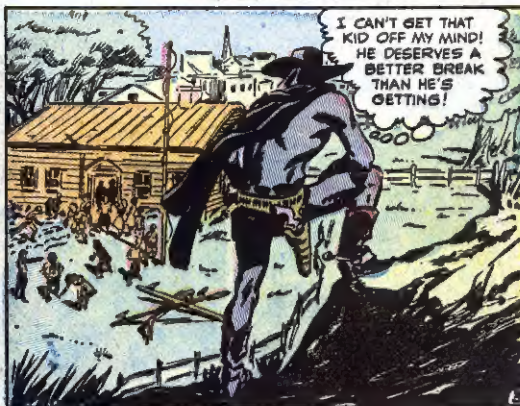


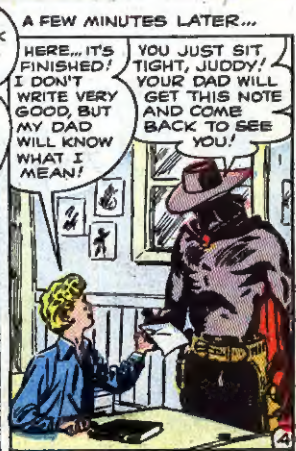
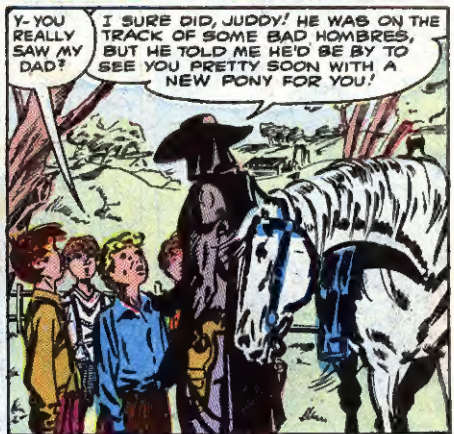
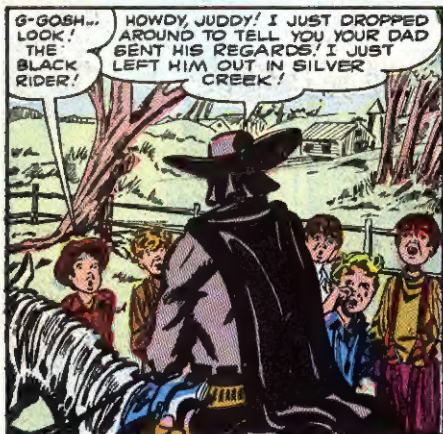
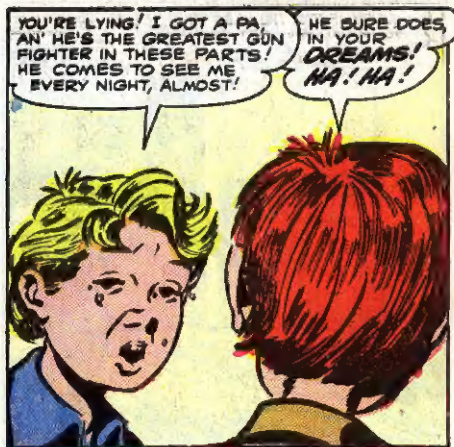
YOU'VE GOT GUTS, ORMOND! TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T GO STRAIGHT, INSTEAD OF TYING UP WITH A BUNCH OF COYOTES!

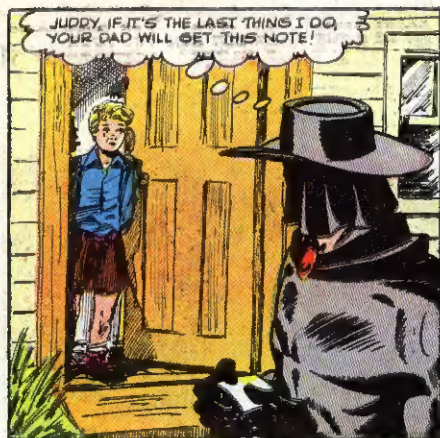




THE FOLLOWING MORNING, NEAR THE LEADVILLE GRADE SCHOOL...

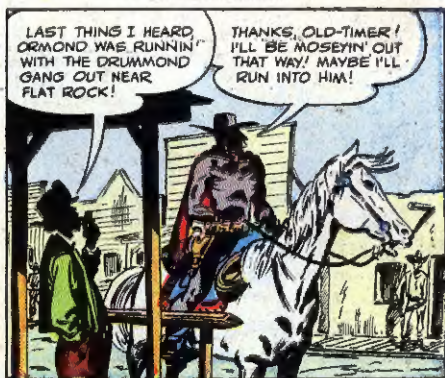






JUDGY, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO,
YOUR DAD WILL GET THIS NOTE!

FROM TOWN TO TOWN THE BLACK RIDER TRACED HIS
ELUSIVE QUARRY, SEEKING A LEAD AS TO HIS
WHEREABOUTS...



LAST THING I HEARD,
ORMOND WAS RUNNIN'
WITH THE DRUMMOND
GANG OUT NEAR
FLAT ROCK!

THANKS, OLD-TIMER!
I'LL BE MOSEYIN' OUT
THAT WAY! MAYBE I'LL
RUN INTO HIM!

LATE THAT AFTERNOON, IN THE BOISTEROUS
BORDER TOWN OF FLAT ROCK...



BLACK RIDER!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

YOU, ORMOND! I'M HERE TO
MAKE A MAN OF YOU, SEEING
YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY GUTS
TO DO IT YOURSELF!

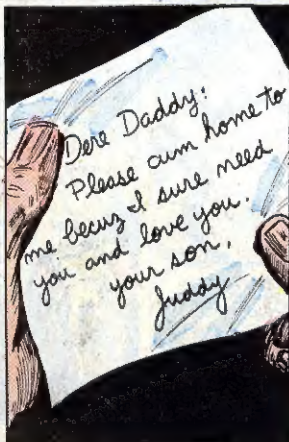


DROP IT! I'VE GOT A NOTE FOR
YOU FROM A BROKEN-HEARTED
KID NAMED JUDGY ORMOND!

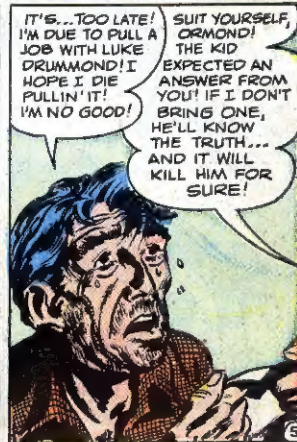
A N-NOTE...
FROM MY KID?
WHAT'S HE SAY?
WHAT'S HE WANT
WITH A BROKEN-
DOWN OUTLAW
LIKE ME?



READ IT! IT COMES FROM THE
HEART OF A KID WHO'S
BEING TORMENTED BY HIS
PLAYMATES BECAUSE OF
YOU!



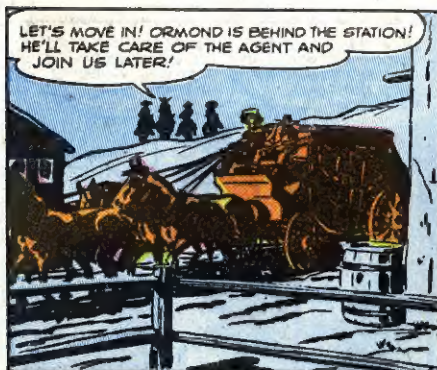
Dere Daddy:
Please cum home to
me becuz I sure need
you and love you.
your son,
Juddy



IT'S...TOO LATE!
I'M DUE TO PULL A
JOB WITH LUKE
DRUMMOND! I
HOPE I DIE
PULLIN' IT!
I'M NO GOOD!

SUIT YOURSELF,
ORMOND!
THE KID
EXPECTED AN
ANSWER FROM
YOU! IF I DON'T
BRING ONE,
HE'LL KNOW
THE TRUTH...
AND IT WILL
KILL HIM FOR
SURE!

AT DUSK THAT EVENING, FOUR MEN WATCHED A GOLD-LADEN STAGE RUMBLE INTO THE WELLS FARGO WAY STATION...



BUT AS THE GANGS CONVERGED ON THE STAGE, TWO FIGURES LOOMED UP TO MEET THEM...



GIT DOWN OFF THAR! THIS STAGE IS TAKEN!

NO IT AINT, DRUMMOND!

DRUMMOND WHEELED AND FIRED, BUT HIS EYES SAW THE BLACK MUZZLES OF COLTS SPIT ORANGE JETS OF DEADLY FLAME...



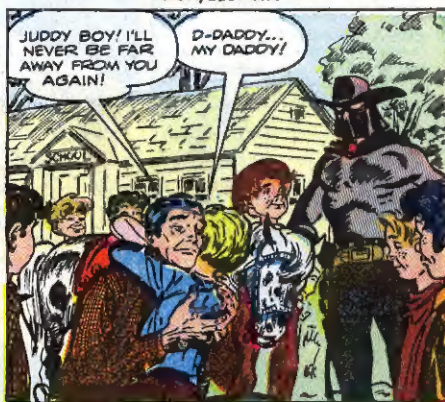
THREE DOWN AND ONE TO GO!



IT HAD TO BE! IT WAS MY LIFE OR MY KID'S!



LATER THAT DAY, A NEW PERRY ORMOND MET HIS SON, JUDDY...



JUDDY BOY! I'LL NEVER BE FAR AWAY FROM YOU AGAIN!

D-DADDY... MY DADDY!

YOU CAN STOP WORRYING NOW, ORMOND! IT'S ALL OVER!

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

**Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage**

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY


UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY** Without Risking
HEALTH

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHEs AND PAINs



CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACHEs:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage

**LOSE WEIGHT
OR NO CHARGE**

USED BY EXPERTs

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

BODY MASSAGER Dept. B-469

318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Standard Model SPOT REDUCER for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1.00, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$12.95. Send DeLux Model, postage pre-paid.

Name

Address

City State

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE**—check here if you enclose \$12.95 for DeLux Model. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

☐ I enclose \$9.95. Send Standard Model.

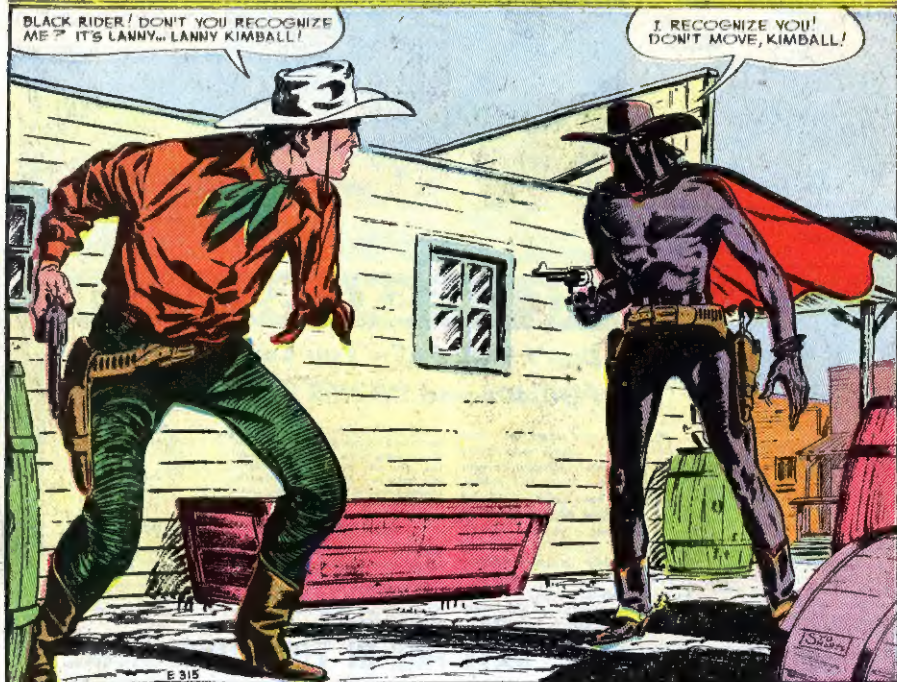
LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

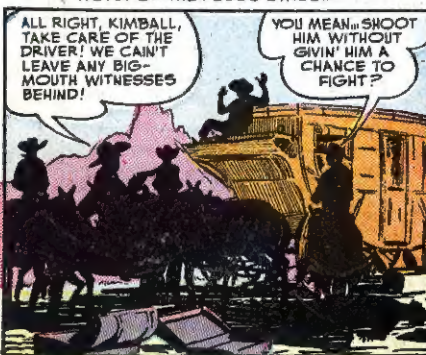
BLACK RIDER

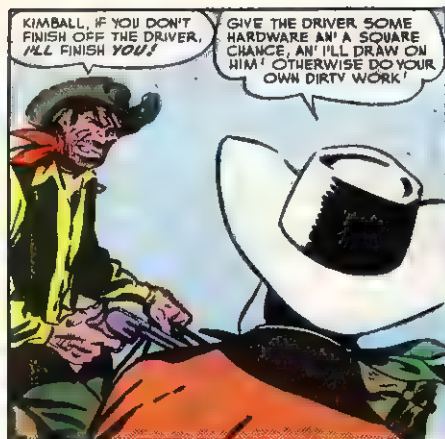
MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!

LANNY KIMBALL DIDN'T KNOW THE **BLACK RIDER** AND **DOC MASTERS** WERE ONE AND THE SAME MAN! HE KNEW ONLY THAT HE OWED HIS LIFE TO THEM, AND YET THE MAN HE RESPECTED MOST WAS NOW HOLDING A PAIR OF SIX-GUNS AT HIS HEART!



BULLDOG BARNES AND HIS GANG HAD MADE SHORT WORK OF THE PECOS STAGE...

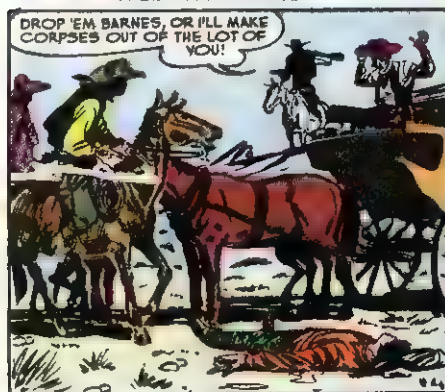




BULLDOG BARNES' GUNS HEAVED WITH SUDDEN SPASMS AND THE YOUNG OUTLAW CRUMPLED...



THE SLAUGHTER ENDED ABRUPTLY AS DANGER LOOMED FROM A NEW SOURCE.



A FEW HOURS LATER, AS THE BLACK RIDER DIVESTED HIMSELF OF HIS LEGENDARY COSTUME AND ASSUMED THE ROLE OF LOVABLE DOC MASTERS...



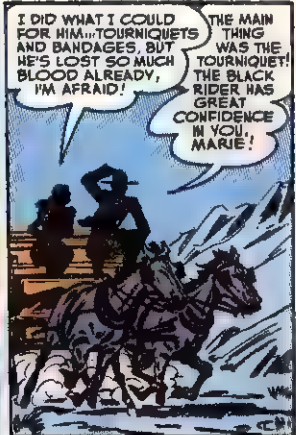
DOC! DOC MASTERS, WHERE ARE YOU?

I GOT THIS GEAR AWAY JUST IN TIME!

I'M RIGHT HERE... IN THE BARN!



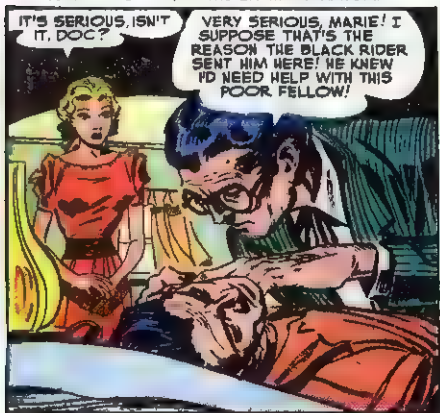
HURRY, DOC... AN EMERGENCY CASE! THE BLACK RIDER SENT A BADLY WOUNDED MAN TO OUR RANCH! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT ON THE WAY!



I DID WHAT I COULD FOR HIM... TOURNIQUETS AND BANDAGES, BUT HE'S LOST SO MUCH BLOOD ALREADY, I'M AFRAID!

THE MAIN THING WAS THE TOURNIQUET! THE BLACK RIDER HAS GREAT CONFIDENCE IN YOU, MARIE!

MINUTES LATER, AT THE LATHROP RANCH...



IT'S SERIOUS, ISN'T IT, DOC?

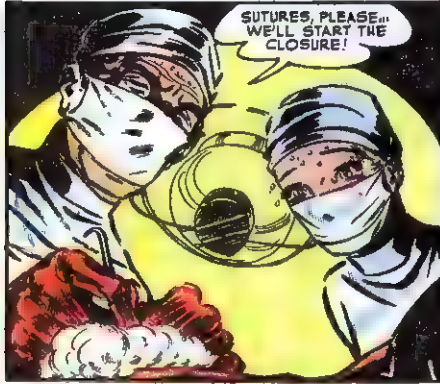
VERY SERIOUS, MARIE! I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE REASON THE BLACK RIDER SENT HIM HERE! HE KNEW I'D NEED HELP WITH THIS POOR FELLOW!



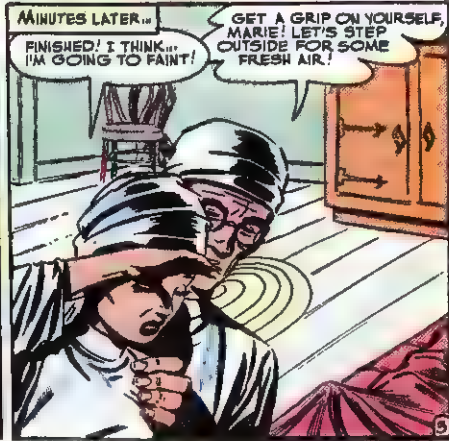
HIS ARM CAN'T BE SAVED, MARIE... TOO MANY BONES SHATTERED AND INFECTION ALREADY SET IN! CAN YOU HELP ME WITH...?

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, DOC! YES, I'LL GET THE BOILING WATER READY!

FOR THREE HOURS, A COUNTRY DOCTOR AND A YOUNG, INEXPERIENCED GIRL FOUGHT A RACE AGAINST TIME TO SAVE AN OUTLAW'S LIFE...



SUTURES, PLEASE! WE'LL START THE CLOSURE!



MINUTES LATER...

FINISHED! I THINK... I'M GOING TO FAINT!

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, MARIE! LET'S STEP OUTSIDE FOR SOME FRESH AIR!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW,
EASY WAY!



SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of the distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In cases after cases, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to restrain, leads to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, the way may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases

CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cure failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.

CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out overnight. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history remains no further relapse.

CASE NO. 5. Male, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.

STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices...
Rubber Sheets... Alarms...

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience
Almost Miraculously!

Why endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation... the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms... the expense of ruined furniture... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING... relieve tension and strain, remove the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discovery of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the results of this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of the tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Check up on BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical device, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all those sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—avoids years of torment. Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day! If your loved one suffers the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Assume this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman just \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charge on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 342 R
7503 Saginaw Avenue, Chicago 48, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman \$3.00 per package plus postage.
☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
☐ Send 3 packages (3-week supply) for \$3.50.

Name _____

Address _____

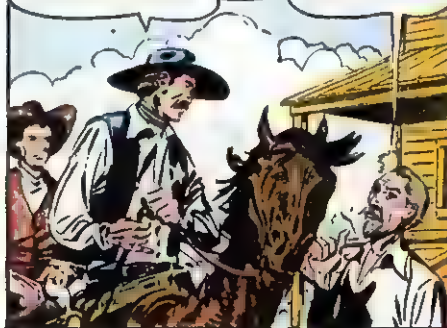
City _____ State _____

(Printed in the United States of America)

AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE...

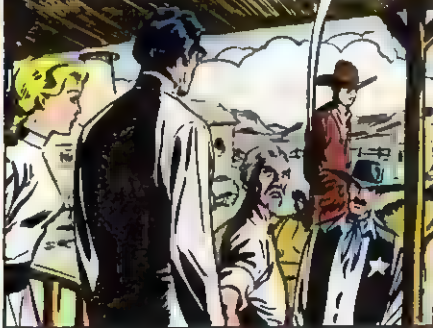
HOWDY, JIM! I'VE GOT AN ARREST WARRANT FOR AN OUTLAW NAMED LANNY KIMBALL! THE DRIVER OF THE PECOS STAGE SAYS HE BROUGHT HIM HERE!

YOU MUST BE LOCO, SHERIFF! THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT A WOUNDED HOMBRE AN' DOC MASTERS!



JUST A MOMENT, JIM! THE MAN WHO WAS BROUGHT HERE MAY BE AN OUTLAW, SHERIFF, BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST HIM!

NOW, DOC, DON'T GO GETTIN' YOURSELF MESSED UP IN THIS THING! IF THE HOMBRES HERE, LET'S HAVE HIM!



THAT'S LANNY KIMBALL ALL RIGHT... AN' HE'LL HAVE TO COME WITH ME!

KIMBALL JUST UNDERWENT A SERIOUS OPERATION, SHERIFF! HE'S LOST AN ARM... AND IF YOU MOVE HIM, HE'LL DIE! I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU TOUCH HIM!



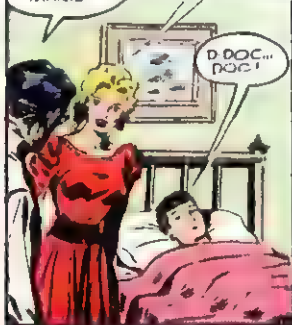
ALL RIGHT, DOC! KIMBALL CAN STAY... BUT I'M HOLDIN' YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM!

I'LL ACCEPT THAT RESPONSIBILITY! MY PATIENT NEEDS REST AND QUIET! GOOD DAY!



DOC... YOU'VE DONE A BIG-HEARTED, WONDERFUL THING! I'M PROUD OF YOU! THAT MEANS A LOT, COMING FROM YOU, MARIE!

D. DOC... DOC!



D. DOC... TH-THANKS!

QUIET NOW, SON! TRY TO SLEEP! YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

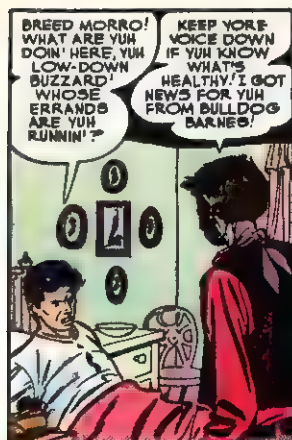


WITH LOVING CARE, DOC MASTERS AND MARIE TENDED THEIR PATIENT UNTIL HIS WOUNDS MENDED, AND ONE EVENING A FEW WEEKS LATER...

HOWDY, MA'AM! I'M AN OLD PAL OF LANNY KIMBALL'S AN' I'D SHORE LIKE TO SEE THE OLD RASCAL!

WELL, HE ISN'T VERY WELL YET... BUT MAYBE IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT! DON'T UPSET HIM!





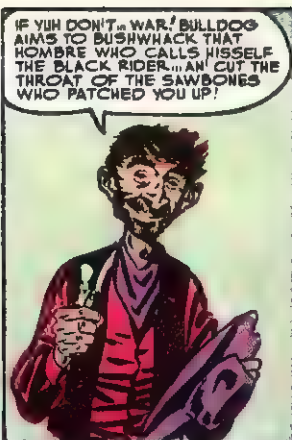
BREED MORRO!
WHAT ARE YUH
DOIN' HERE, YUH
LOW-DOWN
BUZZARD!
WHOSE
ERRANDS
ARE YUH
RUNNIN'?

KEEP YORE
VOICE DOWN
IF YUH KNOW
WHAT'S
HEALTHY! I GOT
NEWS FOR YUH
FROM BULLDOG
BARNES!

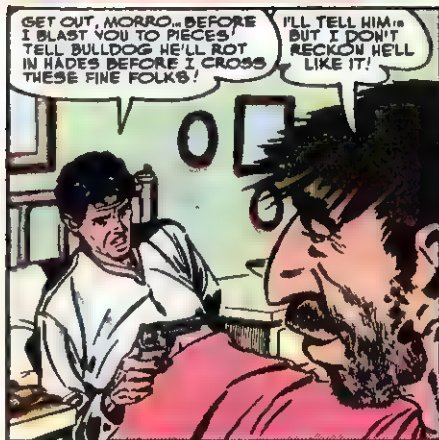


BULLDOG AN'T SORE AT YUH!
HE'S WILLIN' TO TAKE YUH
BACK, FORGIVE AND
FORGET! BUT IF
YOU DON'T.

YEAH
...WHAT
IF I
DON'T?



IF YUH DON'T... WAR! BULLDOG
AIMS TO BUSHWHACK THAT
HOMBRE WHO CALLS HIMSELF
THE BLACK RIDER... AN' CUT THE
THROAT OF THE SAWBONES
WHO PATCHED YOU UP!



GET OUT, MORRO... BEFORE
I BLAST YOU TO PIECES!
TELL BULLDOG HE'LL ROT
IN HADES BEFORE I CROSS
THESE FINE FOLKS!

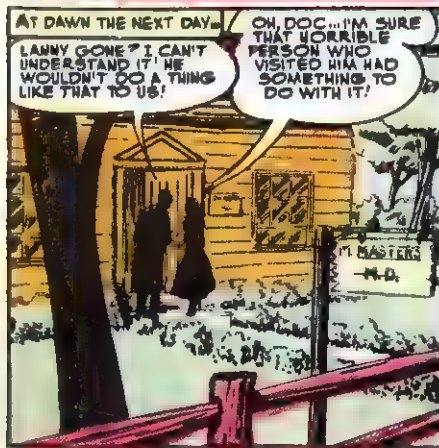
I'LL TELL HIM...
BUT I DON'T
RECKON HE'LL
LIKE IT!



MINUTES LATER...

LANNY KIMBALL, WHAT'S
HAPPENED? YOU'RE ILL
AGAIN! DID THAT PERSON
DO SOMETHING?

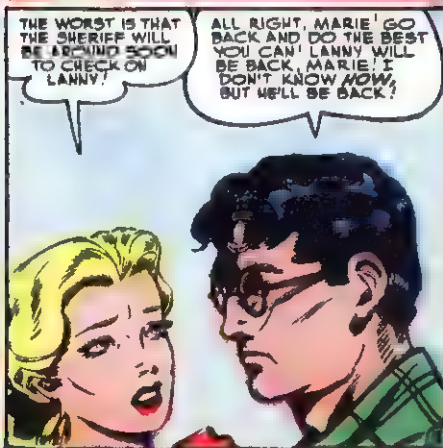
N-NO... MISS LATHROP!
BETTER LEAVE ME
ALONE! I'VE GOT TO
THINK!



AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY...

LANNY GONE? I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND IT! HE
WOULDN'T DO A THING
LIKE THAT TO US!

OH, DOC... I'M SURE
THAT HORRIBLE
PERSON WHO
VISITED HIM HAD
SOMETHING TO
DO WITH IT!



THE WORST IS THAT
THE SHERIFF WILL
BE AROUND SOON
TO CHECK ON
LANNY!

ALL RIGHT, MARIE! GO
BACK AND DO THE BEST
YOU CAN! LANNY WILL
BE BACK, MARIE! I
DON'T KNOW HOW,
BUT WE'LL BE BACK!

AT HIGH NOON ON THE SAME DAY, BREED MORRO FAWNED UPON HIS MASTER IN THE TOWN OF STIRRUP...

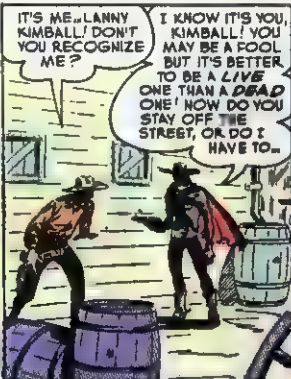
BUT EVENTS WERE TRANSPIRING WITH EXPRESS-TRAIN SPEED IN THE ALLEY...

KIMBALL'S HAND MOVED FOR HIS GUN, BUT THE BLACK RIDER MOVED FASTER, OUT OF MERCY...



IT'S ALL SET, BULLDOG! KIMBALL WILL COME OUT FROM THAT ALLEY YONDER AN' MEET YOU IN THE STREET!

WAL, HE WANTS TO PLAY HERO, SO I AIN'T STOPPIN' HIM! HE'S NO USE TO ME WITH ONE ARM ANYWAY!



IT'S ME... LANNY KIMBALL! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?

I KNOW IT'S YOU, KIMBALL! YOU MAY BE A FOOL BUT IT'S BETTER TO BE A **LIVE** ONE THAN A **DEAD** ONE! NOW DO YOU STAY OFF THE STREET, OR DO I HAVE TO...



I'M SORRY, KID! I HAD TO DO IT!

BACKED BY HIS PACK, BULLDOG BARNES WALKED TOWARD THE ALLEY EXPECTING TO DEAL SWIFT DEATH TO A ONE-ARMED AVENGER, BUT INSTEAD...

THE QUIET STREET EXPLODED INTO VIOLENT SOUND, AND ABOVE THE CLATTER OF SIX-GUNS CAME THE DULL, HEAVY THUNDERCLAPS OF THE BLACK RIDER'S COLTS!

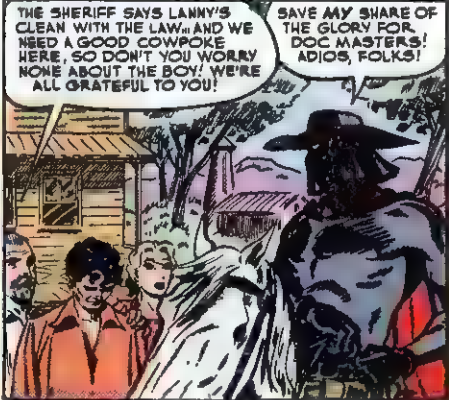


WHA...? IT'S HIM... THE BLACK RIDER! GUN HIM DOWN, BOYS!



BARNES WAS DEAD, BUT HIS SAVAGE STRENGTH KEPT HIM MOVING INTO THE BLAZING FURY OF THE BLACK RIDER'S GUNS!

LANNY KIMBALL UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE LATHROP RANCH THAT DAY...



THE SHERIFF SAYS LANNY'S CLEAN WITH THE LAW... AND WE NEED A GOOD COWPOKE HERE, SO DON'T YOU WORRY NONE ABOUT THE BOY! WE'RE ALL GRATEFUL TO YOU!

SAVE MY SHARE OF THE GLORY FOR DOC MASTERS! ADIOS, FOLKS!



A DATE WITH DEATH



JOHNNY GREEN sat at the round table in the Pay-Load Saloon and downed another shot of whiskey. He knew that a man who was going to face those experienced guns in another hour should not be loading himself up on this rot-gut. But what the blazes! In another hour he knew that he would be dead.

There was nobody in town, including himself, who felt that he had a chance against a gunman who had more experience killing men in a gun-duel than he, Johnny Green, had years. He took another drink. People kept advising him to get out of town. "It won't mean that you're yellow," people said. "It'll just mean you're smart enough to know when you're licked — and you *are* licked." Well, maybe he was licked, but he'd die right there in the center of Main Street before he ran away with his tail tucked between his legs.

"You shouldn't be drinking like that Johnny boy."

Johnny looked up. It was Ace Donovan, who—although a gambler and card sharp—had practically been a father to him. He'd taught him to ride, and use a rope, and shoot. He'd been a good friend, but now Johnny said:

"Go 'way and leave me be. I've got a date with Death in an hour, and I'll drink myself blue if I want to."

"Scared, Johnny?"

"What the blazes, sure I am!"

"Why don't you get out of town. No one would blame you."

"Why doesn't the guy I'm going to meet in an hour get out of town."

"Maybe he's just saving face, Johnny. He's a lot older than you are, and that much more experienced. It would be a lot easier for you to admit you been wrong."

"I'm staying."

Ace scratched his head.

"You're pig-headed, Johnny. You really don't love that girl, and he does. He doesn't want to kill you. You've just gotten him in a position where he's got to meet you. If you want my advice, I'd say—"

"I don't want your advice."

"You won't change your mind?"

"Nope."

Ace leaned forward and placed his hands palm down on the table.

"In that case," Ace said, "I'm going to give you some advice whether you like it or not."

"I—"

"Shut up a minute and listen

to me! When you walk down that street and see your adversary, don't wait for him to make the first move. That's for heroes in books. Draw the minute you're sure you can get him on the first shot. *The first shot.* Assume that you won't get a second, not with him. He's too good.

"Second. After you've drawn, as fast as you can, take your time in pulling the trigger. Make sure you've got him before you fire. Don't hurry your aim, because it'll be your life you're hurrying away. Be careful.

"Third. If you feel that you've been hit, don't let that throw you off. Keep aiming, and pull the trigger. When you've felt you've been hit, it means that you're still alive. If he's really got you good, you'll never feel a thing. Just make sure you've got your feet solid on the ground and don't try to duck a bullet. No man is fast enough to duck lead from a .45. And above all don't let anything rattle you."

Johnny sat there for a moment looking into Ace's eyes. He was a good guy, Ace, the closest person he'd ever known, next to his father.

"Thanks for the advice, Ace," he said. "I'll remember every



LOOK AT

SKINNY!
I wouldn't
be seen with her!



AM PROUD OF
THE WAY "HE BOYS"
LOOK AT YOU!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS
OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-
CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-
WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts
firm, attractive pounds and inches on
your body, chest, arms and legs.

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

We don't want
SKINNY
on our team!



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight... or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise... dangerous drugs... or special diet... and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible... with MORE-WATE.

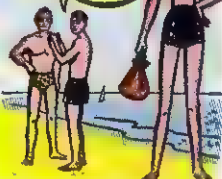
MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs... you eat it like candy! Yes... if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets... a full 10 days' supply... for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS... and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose... and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

**10-DAY
SUPPLY \$1.
ONLY**

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight... or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet... that combines not just one... or two... but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid... not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12... the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals... It contains iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1... and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny... or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want... or don't pay anything. Act now!

No Skinny
Scare-Crow
for me!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite... they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 208
218 Market Street, Newark, N. J.
Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

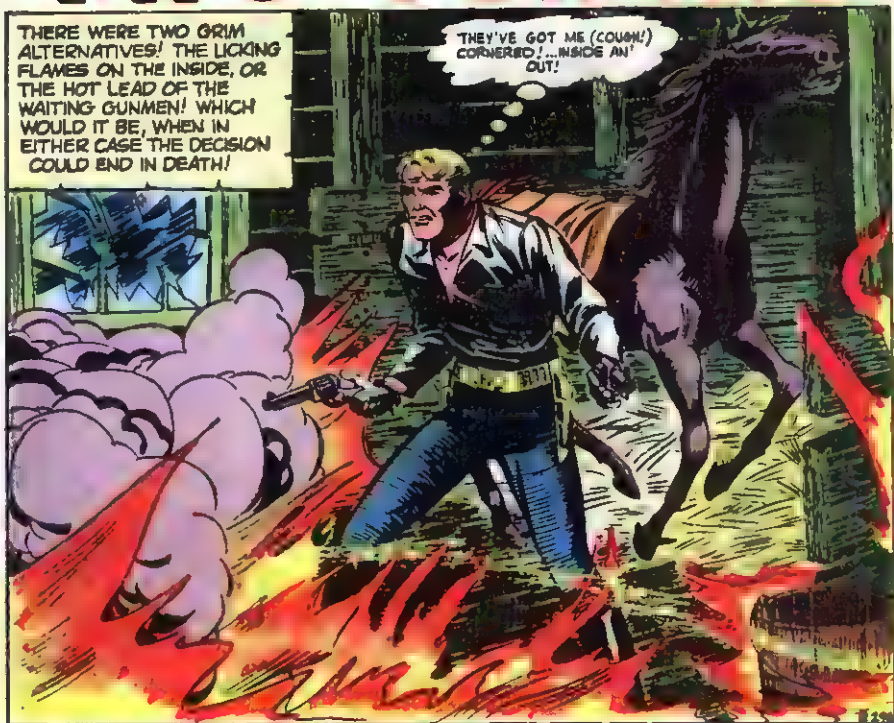
SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

THE FASTEST GUNMAN IN THE WILD WEST!

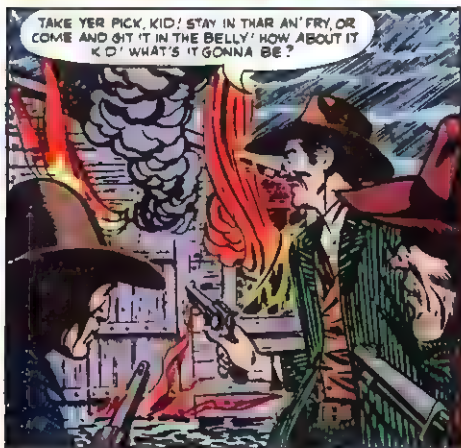
TWO-GUN KID

THERE WERE TWO GRIM ALTERNATIVES! THE LICKING FLAMES ON THE INSIDE, OR THE HOT LEAD OF THE WAITING GUNMEN! WHICH WOULD IT BE, WHEN IN EITHER CASE THE DECISION COULD END IN DEATH!

THEY'VE GOT ME (COUGH!) CORNERED! ...INSIDE AN' OUT!



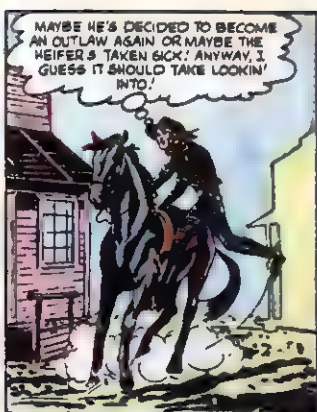
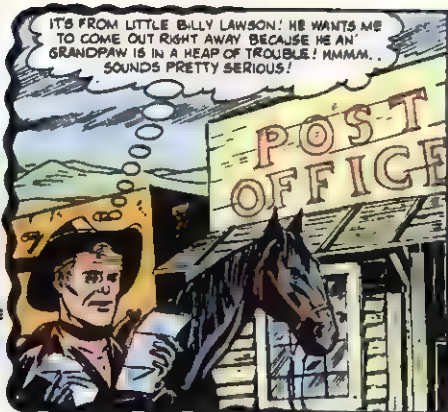
TAKE YER PICK, KID! STAY IN THAR AN' FRY, OR COME AND SIT IT IN THE BELLY! HOW ABOUT IT KID? WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?



I CAN'T BE STAYIN' HERE MUCH LONGER! I'VE GOT TO MAKE A DECISION, AND MAKE IT FAST!



BUT AS HIS MIND RACED FOR AN ANSWER, HE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER DECISION. ONE HE HAD MADE NOT MANY DAYS EARLIER. IT WAS ALL SO SIMPLE THEN, AND ALL BECAUSE OF A SCRAWLED NOTE WRITTEN IN A YOUNGSTER'S HAND...



HE RODE ALL THAT DAY AND THROUGH THE NIGHT, AND WHEN THE HORIZON BECAME TINGED WITH DAWN



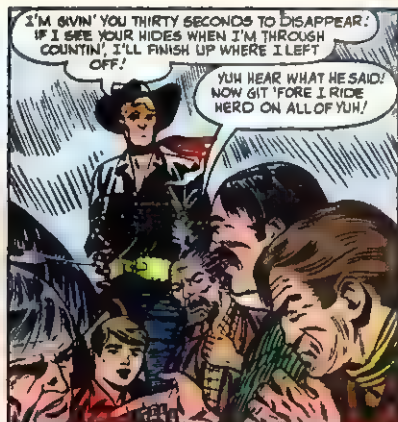
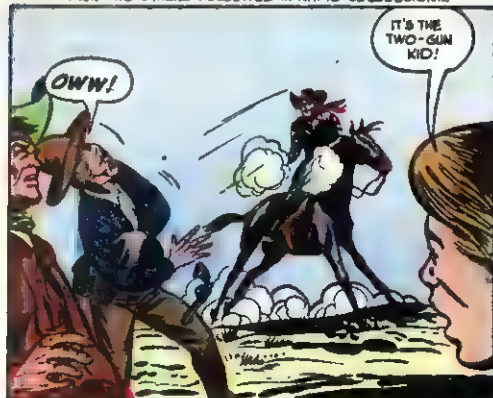
MEANWHILE, AT THE LAWSON CABIN...



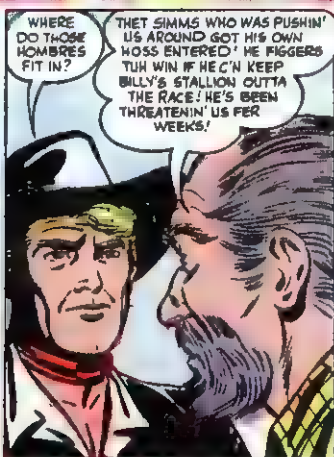
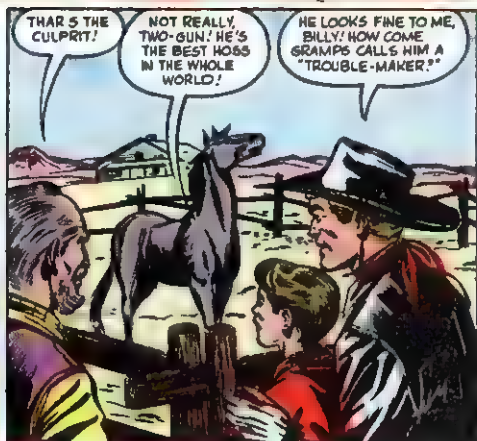
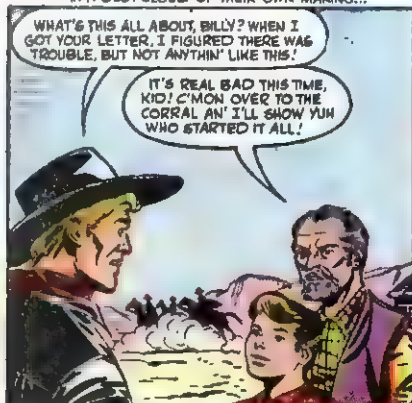
BUT BEFORE THE ENRAGED GUNMAN COULD LEVEL HIS COLT, A SOLITARY SHOT STABBED THE AIR...

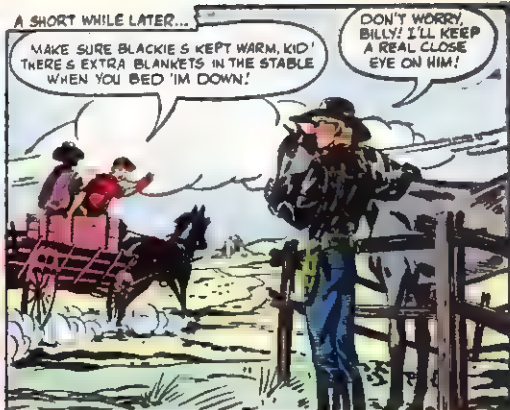
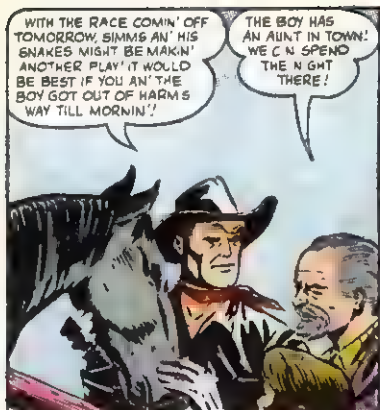


THEN TWO OTHERS FOLLOWED IN RAPID SUCCESSION...

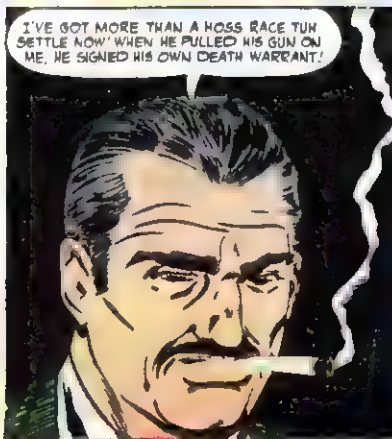
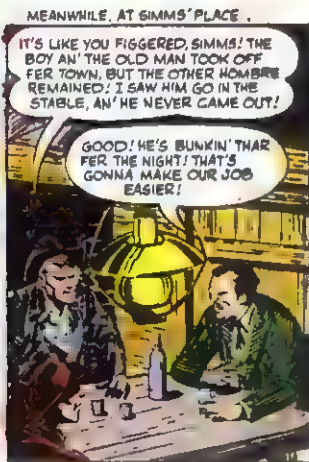


WITHIN SECONDS THE CRINGING GUNMEN WERE SPECKS IN A DUST CLOUD OF THEIR OWN MAKING...





WHEN NIGHT FELL THE KID FULFILLED HIS OBLIGATIONS WITH THOUGHTFUL AND TENDER CARE...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE KID'S SLEEP WAS BROKEN BY THE SMASH OF GLASS, AS A GLOWING OIL-FILLED LANTERN SPLATTERED LIQUID FLAME IN ALL DIRECTIONS

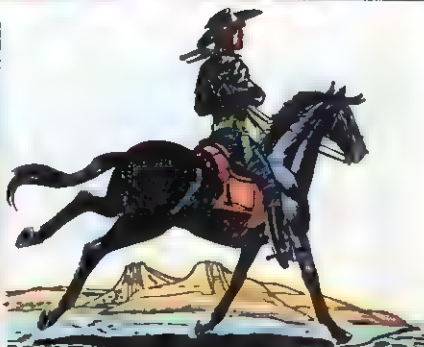




THEN A RUMBLING FILLED THE AIR, AND OUT OF THE CHARGED, BURNING WRECKAGE, LIKE A BLACK PHANTOM ETCHED IN FLAME, CAME HORSE AND RIDER IN A TEMPEST OF BLAZING FURY...



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AFTER THE RACE WAS RUN...



BUT THE KID WAS ALREADY ON HIS WAY, RIDING INTO A NEW DAY, AND TO WHATEVER NEW ADVENTURES MIGHT BE WAITING AROUND THE BEND ON THE LONELY TRAIL!

...CONTINUED

thing you've told me. Not that it'll do me much good, but I'll remember it anyway. Have a drink with me, Ace?"

"I was hoping you'd ask me that, Johnny. Just one, and then you'd better lay off and relax. It's going to be a big show for you, Johnny. You'll need every bit of it."

They poured a drink and toasted to Johnny's success.

"I'd better be going now, Johnny, and leave you alone for a while. Good luck."

"Thanks, Ace. Thanks for everything."

Ace left, and Johnny sat there thinking the whole rotten business over in his mind. Someone else came over and offered to have a drink with him. He waved them away. Ace had advised him not to drink any more, and he would heed Ace's advice. The man was the best friend he had. He should never have been nasty to him in the beginning.

He pulled out his pocket-watch and stared at the black hands. There was still time to pull out. All he would have to do was walk to the palomino tied to the hitchrail in front of the Pay-Load, unhitch her and ride her out of this town forever. He could go somewhere where no one would know who he was. It would be a new start, and at least he could still be alive. Suddenly he wanted very much to be alive. Even Ace had said that no one would call him yellow. How could you call a man yellow who was willing to

admit he was wrong? Especially when he was a man who couldn't handle a gun, a sack of beans worth, against a man who was the deadliest shot west of the Pecos. He could still leave.

But he wouldn't!

He sat there a while longer, and then he pulled out his watch again. It was time. He got up from his chair, thought of taking another drink, and decided against it. He hitched up his belt, tested the draw of his gun, and then walked outside.



The sun was setting over the western hills, he noticed, as he walked to the center of the street. That was probably the last sunset he would ever see. He took his mind from it. Concentrate on the tiny figure walking up the far end of the street. Remember the things Ace had told him. Fire when you're sure you can hit him.

He moved slowly, keeping his hand close to the walnut butt of his .45, tied low on his right leg. Closer, and closer, and yet

closer. This was it. Make your play.

His mind raced frantically. What was it Ace had told him? Yes, take your time and aim carefully. Forget about the other bullet that was probably on its way to you right now. Forget it and aim.

Almost as soon as he started to press the trigger, he felt it. The terrific pain in his side, that made him want to double up on the ground. But Ace had said to hold your ground and keep your aim. He breathed for an infinitesimal second and then he pressed the trigger slowly. He saw the figure double-up and crumple to the ground. The man's second shot threw up a puff of dust about halfway between them. It was a shot which—but for Ace's advice—would have sent him quickly on his way to boothill, but it never reached him.

Painfully, with tears of anguish rolling down his cheeks, he holstered his gun, and walked up to the figure lying face-down in the dust of the wheel-rutted street. With his boot, he rolled the man over. The way the figure flopped, and the blood spreading from a hole in the chest told him that the man was dead.

And the dead man stared out of unseeing eyes, at the tip of the sun as it was disappearing below the horizon. They were big brown eyes that were blank. The eyes of his old friend and adviser, Ace Donovan.

THE END 8465

BLACK RIDER

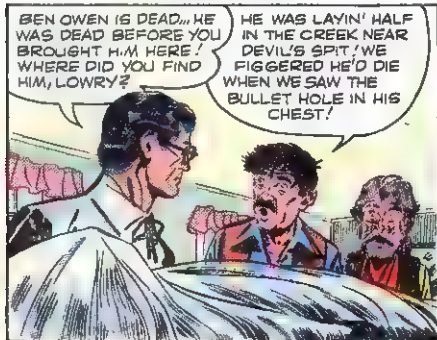
MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!



IT WAS A SYMBOL OF SUDDEN DEATH! IT CAME FROM THE GRAVE AND COVERED THE HAND OF A CORPSE, AND WHEREVER IT WENT, WHATEVER IT TOUCHED, DEATH WAS SURE TO FOLLOW, UNTIL THE BLACK RIDER MET THE OWNER OF...

THE BLACK GAUNTLET!

DOC MASTERS DREW A BLANKET OVER THE STILL WARM BODY IN HIS OFFICE AND LOOKED UP AT THE ANXIOUS VISITORS...

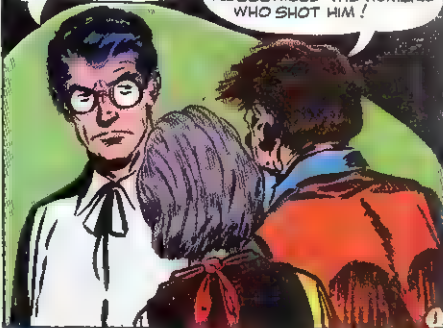


BEN OWEN IS DEAD... HE WAS DEAD BEFORE YOU BROUGHT HIM HERE! WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM, LOWRY?

HE WAS LAYIN' HALF IN THE CREEK NEAR DEVIL'S SPIT! WE FIGGERED HE'D DIE WHEN WE SAW THE BULLET HOLE IN HIS CHEST!

WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT? WERE THERE ANY TRACKS OR SIGNS OF A FIGHT?

NONE! BEN'S GUN WAS STILL IN ITS HOLSTER, SO HE MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED THE HOMBRE WHO SHOT HIM!



SEE THIS HERE GLOVE, DOC? I NEVER SAW BEN OWEN WEARIN' GLOVES, BUT THIS ONE WAS LAYIN' ON HIS CHEST WHEN WE FOUND HIM!

A BLACK GAUNTLET!... ONLY *ONE* OF THEM! THAT'S VERY ODD! LEAVE IT HERE WITH ME, PETE!



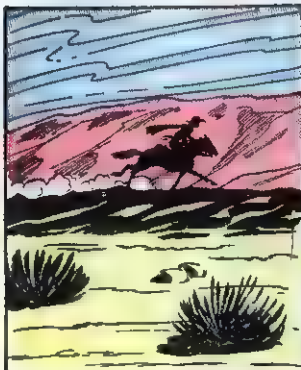
TEN MINUTES LATER, DOC MASTERS WAS DONNING THE SILKY BLACK GARB OF THE WEST'S GREATEST GUN FIGHTER... *THE BLACK RIDER*!

FROM DOC MASTERS AND HIS SEEDY OLD NAG, ICHABOD... TO THE BLACK RIDER AND SATAN! OUR PATIENTS WOULD BE SHOCKED, SATAN... BUT THEY'LL NEVER KNOW!



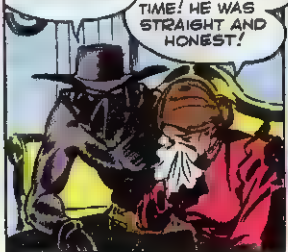
AND THE MIGHTY DUO THUNDERED ACROSS THE PLAINS TO TRACK DOWN A KILLER...

MINUTES LATER, IN THE HOME OF BEN OWEN'S WIDOW...



BEN WILL BE AVENGED, NONE! BEN BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, MRS. OWEN! DID HE HAVE ANY ENEMIES... ANY SERIOUS DIFFERENCES WITH ANYONE?

WAS A PEACEFUL LAW-ABIDING MAN! WHY... THEY PICKED HIM FOR JURY DUTY ALL THE TIME! HE WAS STRAIGHT AND HONEST!



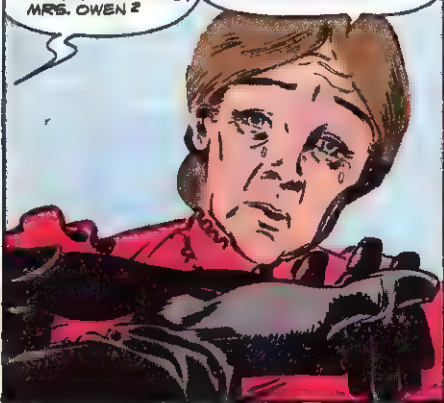
JURY DUTY? *THAT* MIGHT HAVE EARNED HIM AN ENEMY OR TWO! DID HE EVER SIT TRIAL AGAINST A DANGEROUS MAN?

ONLY ONCE... THAT WAS WHEN MAYNARD MURREL WAS TRIED AND HUNG FIVE YEARS AGO! THE REST OF THE CASES WERE PETTY ONES!



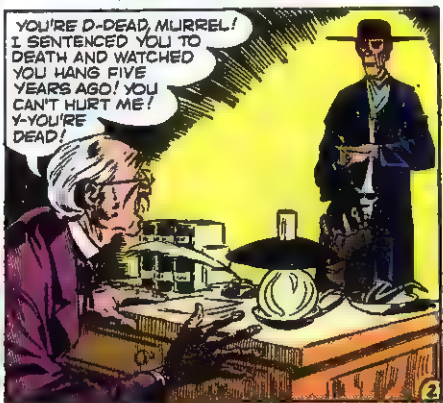
DID BEN EVER WEAR A GLOVE LIKE *THIS*, MRS. OWEN?

HEAVENS, NO! HE *NEVER* WORE GLOVES!



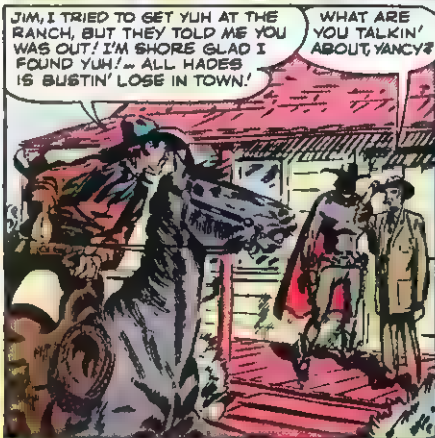
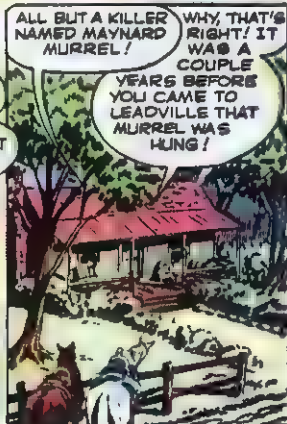
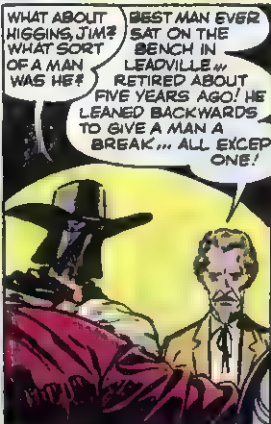
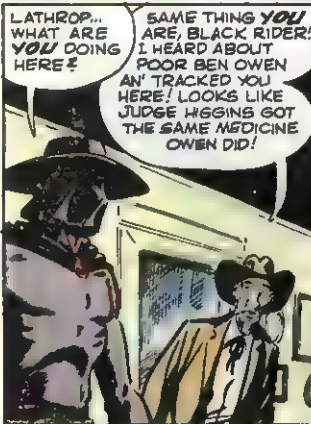
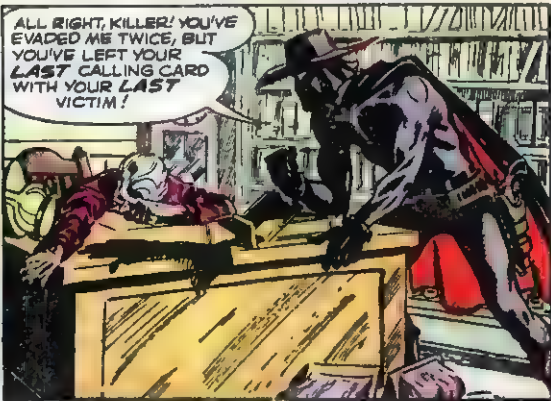
MEANWHILE, DEATH WAS ABOUT TO OVERTAKE JUDGE ELMER HIGGINS...

YOU'RE D-DEAD, MURREL! I SENTENCED YOU TO DEATH AND WATCHED YOU HANG FIVE YEARS AGO! YOU CAN'T HURT ME! Y-YOU'RE DEAD!



THE GHOST-LIKE FIGURE OF MAYNARD MURREL KILLED JUDGE HIGGINS WITH A GUN HELD IN A BLACK-GLOVED HAND!

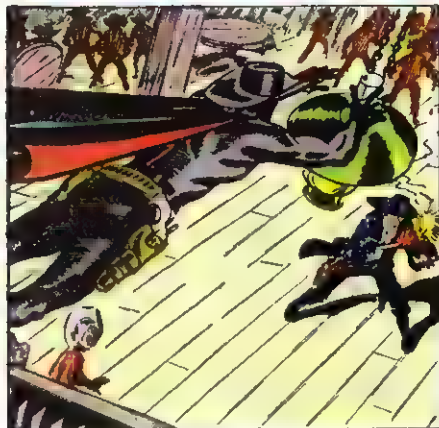
IT WAS MINUTES LATER THAT THE BLACK RIDER VIEWED THE BODY AND THE SYMBOL OF DEATH NEAR IT...



MEANWHILE, DEATH HOVERED OVER A COWERING CROWD OF PATRONS IN THE GOLD ANGEL SALOON!!!



SUDDENLY, A HARSH VOICE GRATED COLDLY THROUGH THE HUSHED SALOON...



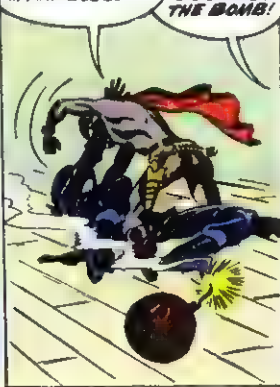
STUNNED BY THE SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT OF THIS WHIRLING BLACK FIGURE, THE MADMAN PAUSED MOMENTARILY...



THEN THE BLACK-GLOVED HAND SWEEPED TOWARD A HOLSTER BUT IT WAS TOO LATE...



NOT A GHOST... FLESH AND BONES... AND BLOOD!

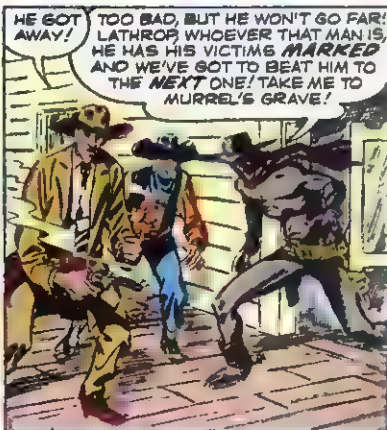
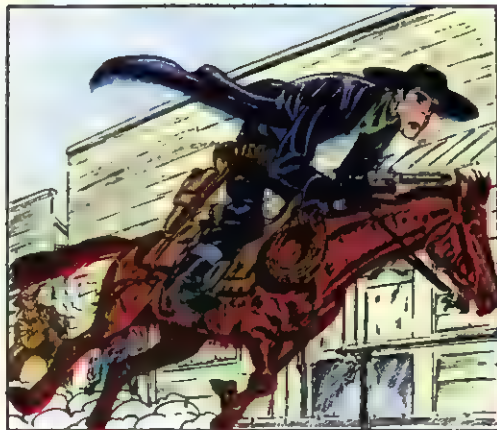


FIRST THINGS FIRST! I'LL GET BACK TO HIM AS SOON AS I DISPOSE OF THIS THING!



WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF A JUNGLE CAT, THE BLACK RIDER STEPPED TO A WINDOW AND HURLED THE BOMB OUT...

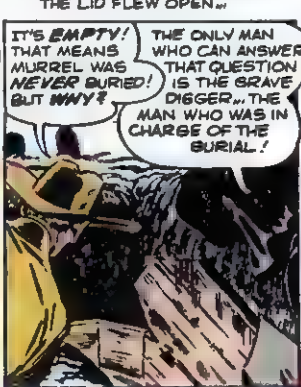
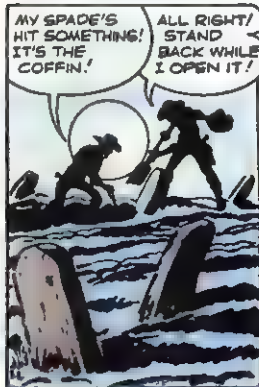
MOMENTARILY BLINDED BY THE GLARE OF THE EXPLOSION, THE BLACK RIDER FALTERED AND HIS DEADLY QUARRY BROKE FOR FREEDOM...

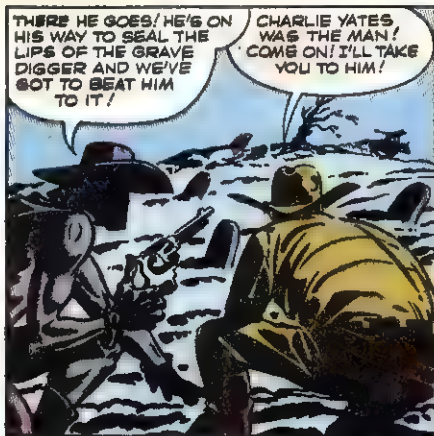


NIGHT FELL, AND BY THE LIGHT OF AN EERIE MOON TWO MEN BEGAN A GRISLY TASK...

THE STEEL SPADE DUG SHARPLY INTO THE ROTTING CASKET, AND WITH A SCREECH OF RUSTY HINGES THE LID FLEW OPEN...

SUDDENLY, A SHOT CRACKED OUT IN THE NIGHT... THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER...





THERE HE GOES! HE'S ON HIS WAY TO SEAL THE LIPS OF THE GRAVE DIGGER AND WE'VE GOT TO BEAT HIM TO IT!

CHARLIE YATES WAS THE MAN! COME ON! I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!



MINUTES LATER...

ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YUH! IT AIN'T LIKE I DID SOMETHIN' WRONG, BUT YOU GOT TO UNDERSTAND I WAS FIGHTIN' FER MY LIFE WHEN IT HAPPENED!

YOU'RE FIGHTIN' FOR YOUR LIFE RIGHT NOW! YATES! MURREL MAY BE ON HIS WAY HERE AT THIS MINUTE, SO TALK FAST!



YEAH, THEY CUT HIM DOWN OFF THE GALLOWES AN' LEFT HIM FER ME TO BURY! I DUG THE GRAVE, BUT WHEN I WAS GOIN' TO HEAVE THE BOX IN, I HEARD A GROAN!

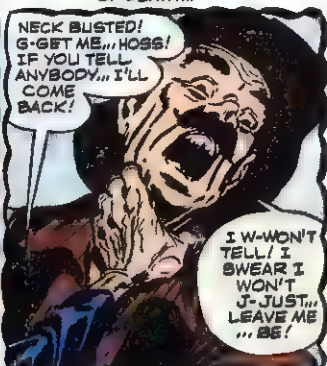
"MY HANDS WAS A-TREMBLIN' WHEN I RAISED THE LID JUST TO MAKE SURE..."



G-GLORY BE! Y-YOU'RE ALIVE!

B-BEND... CLOSER!

"I SENT CLOSER TO HIM AN' SUDDENLY HIS HAND REACHED OUT AND GRABBED ME LIKE THE HAND OF DEATH..."



NECK BUSTED! G-GET ME... HOSS! IF YOU TELL ANYBODY... I'LL COME BACK!

I W-WON'T TELL! I SWEAR I WON'T J-JUST... LEAVE ME ... BE!

A DEADLY RUSTLE SOUNDED AT THE DOOR AS YATES FINISHED HIS STORY...



IT'S HIM! IT'S MURREL!

IT WAS MURREL... BUT THIS TIME HE RETURNED TO THE DEAD AS HIS BODY QUIVERED UNDER THE IMPACT OF THUDDING BULLETS...



A STONE MARKS THE GRAVE OUTSIDE LEADVILLE TODAY AND BENEATH IT LIE THE BONES OF MAYNARD MURREL... THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE!

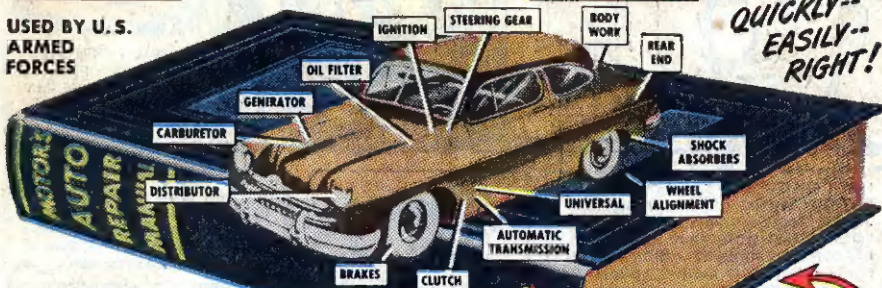


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BUT AT HOME I SKETCHED AND PAINTED. MY FRIENDS ALL SAID I COULD REALLY DRAW. I WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST!

HOW I ENVIED THE ARTISTS AT THE FACTORY WHERE I WORKED! THEY GOT THREE TIMES MY PAY...AND FOR SUCH INTERESTING WORK. BUT HOW COULD I BECOME AN ARTIST? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE IF I HAD REAL TALENT!



ART DEPARTMENT



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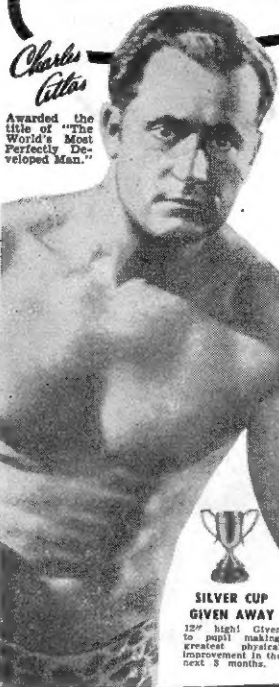
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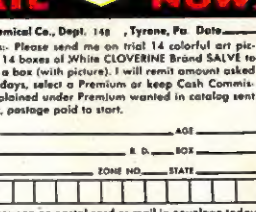
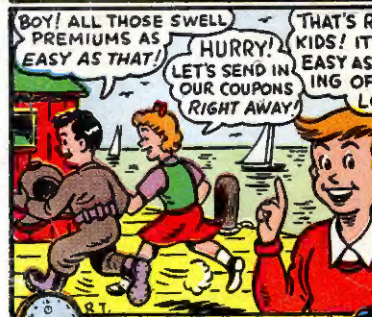
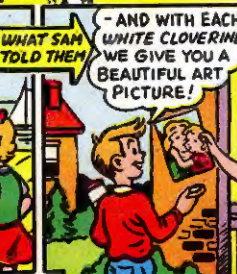
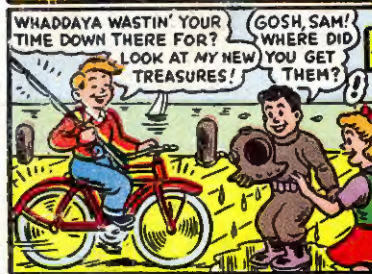
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